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ON THE FARM.

HIS letter is a better editorial than the one which called it forth:

To The Editor of The Evening World:

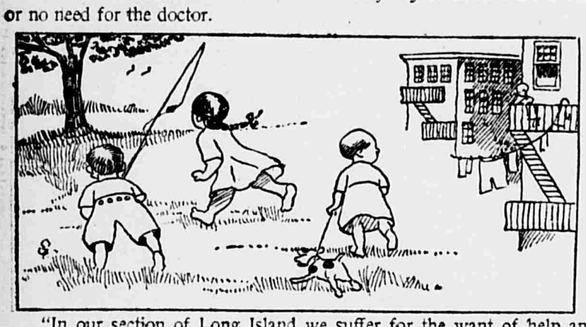
"Sir—I have read with a great deal of interest your editorial and comments "Back to the Farm."

Being a city man and having removed to the country in consequence of the poor health of my family, I have had a good practical experience, and will state that for an ordinary workman the farm offers many more inducements than the city. First there is plenty of fresh air and the very best, purest and freshest of all kinds of fruit, vegetables, poultry and eggs, with no adulteration.

"There is always work for the man or woman who is willing to work at fair wages, and the farmer and his help have not that fear from month to month that his rent will be raised by the landlord or that he may not be able to pay his rent when it becomes due. The rent question rarely bothers the farmer.

"In many cases farms can be hired on shares, the owner getting a certain percentage of the crop in lieu of rent, or a farm can be rented at a nominal price.

The children are healthier and in the majority of cases there is little or no need for the doctor.



"In our section of Long Island we suffer for the want of help and find it difficult to get any in the season.

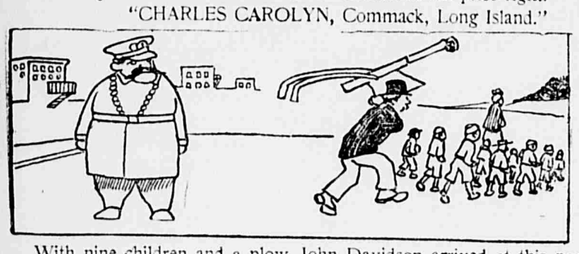
"For a man or family who is willing to work I believe the country affords more advantages than the city.

"Farm products have never brought a better price than in the last few years. We have sold eggs this winter here on the farm for sixty cents per dozen.

"I have in mind a Swede who rented a farm near here about four years ago. He knew very little about farming and relied entirely for advice upon his neighbors. He had little or no money and went into debt for necessities. He worked very hard and in the first season cleared over and above all expenses about $3,000, with which he bought a farm, and is a prosperous farmer to-day.

"The recent panic did not affect the farmer in any way. He had a place to lay his head and plenty to eat and drink in his cellar, and if he could not have got his price for such products as he had for sale could afford to keep them until such time as he considered the price right.

"CHARLES CAROLYN, Commack, Long Island."



With nine children and a plow John Davidson arrived at this port last Monday on the steamer Caledonia. He said that he brought his plow along because "with it and the sweat of my brow I have raised these nine sturdy youngsters. I hope my adopted country will also have reason to be proud of them."

This is not the kind of immigrant who throws bombs or who even stays in a big city within reach of a policeman's club. He goes to the country and farms. Davidson will settle near Port Deposit, within three hours' ride of New York, where land can be bought for $10 an acre and where the inhabitatnts do not know what an anarchist or socialist is.

If other immigrants would do like this there would be no such overcrowding in the tenement-house neighborhoods, no segregation into foreign colonies, no shortage of food and no lack of work.

How one man has done this Mr. Carolyn's letter eloquently and forcibly tells. What this man has done other men can do and they should do it.

Letters from the People.

The Groundhog.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the groundhog query I would say that a groundhog and a woodchuck are one and the same thing. They are small quadrupeds covered with coarse gray hair and weighing from ten to fifteen pounds. They hibernate.

SPARTAN, Sparta, N. J.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Have the North or South Poles ever been discovered? If so, by whom and when? JOSEPH BILQUIN.

Country Versus Town.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to receive positive information from some experienced reader relative to actual cost of living in the country, as compared to the city. By "country" I mean anywhere within one hundred and sixty miles of New York City. I desire this information to come from some sensible, economical housewife, with a family and in moderate circumstances, who has lived both in city and country within the last five years or so. Of those I ask, can a man with $15 a week and no way of increasing this support himself, wife and one child in the country for the same amount as in New York City? H.,

Long Island City.

How Fast?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Three men row down a river a half mile in fifteen minutes. It takes them forty-five minutes to row back up the river a half mile. How fast does the river flow, readers? A. R.

Bricklaying.

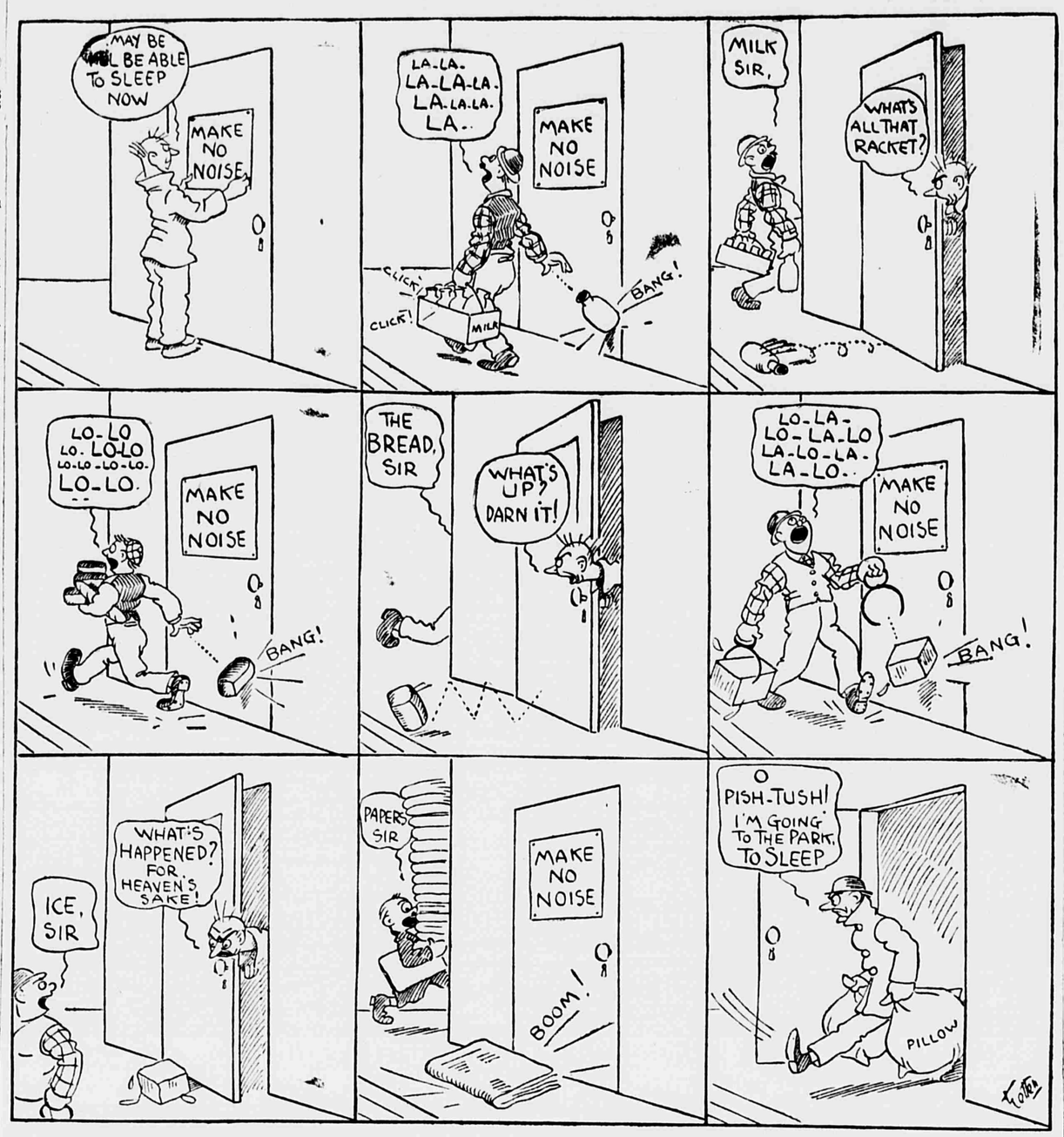
To the Editor of The Evening World:

A question is asked as to the number of bricks an expert can lay in an hour. The total number of bricks that are laid daily on any large job, divided by the number of bricklayers, will equal 1,400. This only applies to outside walls of at least sixteen inches in thickness. A bricklayer could not lay 4,800 in eight hours, as the correspondent asks. He could not even pick up the bricks and mortar for that number—let alone the fact that the outside courses would have to be laid to a line—the weight of the bricks would total 19,200 pounds; of the mortar, 10,000 pounds.

A. DEDERER, C. E.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Don't Run Down Your Wife's Friends and Brag About Your Own! 'Twon't Help the Friends Any With Your Frau, and It Makes Her Sore

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"THERE are a lot of foolish people in this world," said Mrs. Jarr; "there's Clara Mudridge, all she thinks of is running around and having a good time."

"Well, everybody likes to have a good time," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I know you'd say that!" said Mrs. Jarr snarply. "You have your good times all right, but where do I come in?"

"I don't know where you come in, but I can tell you when you came in," replied Mr. Jarr. "You came in just now."

"For once in my life I was out when you came home," said Mrs. Jarr, "and now I suppose I'll never hear the last of it!"

"There, there!" said Mr. Jarr. "I'm not kicking at anything. What were you going to say about foolish people in this world?"

"Well, I think Clara Mudridge is an awfully foolish girl, as I said to her, 'Clara, why don't you do something to improve yourself?' but she only laughed."

"What do you think she should do to improve herself?" asked Mr. Jarr. "She's a good-looking girl, you could hardly improve on that; and she dresses well, it would be hard to improve on that."

"I thought you never noticed how women dressed'" said Mrs. Jarr, with a tinge of suspicion. "You leave Clara Mudridge alone, she's foolish enough now without your paying her compliments!"

"I apologize for these few kind words," said Mr. Jarr; "besides, the lady's not present."

"She wouldn't look at you if she were!" said Mrs. Jarr, with a sudden change of front. "She has two fellows just crazy about her now; she wouldn't bother her head about a middle-aged married man."

"For this relief, much thanks, if you mean me," replied Mr. Jarr, "but you were going to say, if we MUST discuss this young lady, that there was room for improvement; what is it?

"Oh, I suppose you think she's perfect!" said Mrs. Jarr, veering round again. "Well, she's a flirt, for one thing, and she don't know her own mind from one minute to another, and she's the laziest thing! Why, she don't do up her own hair!"

"She has a maid to do that," said Mr. Jarr. "What else?"

"You mind your own business!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Talk about women! If you aren't the inquisitive thing! You must be greatly interested in Clara Mudridge, you don't talk of anything else."

"You brought up her name," said Mr. Jarr. "She seems a nice girl, and that's all I know, and more than I care. I'm not interested in her."

"You are not interested in anybody who is nice to me!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Clara Mudridge calls me up almost every day and asks me to go out with her. She paid for my luncheon to-day, and it was a nice luncheon at the Hotel Pazazza, too. I'd wait a long time before any of your friends would show me a good time, wouldn't I?"

"I should hope so," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't you think Mrs. Rangle would raise some slight objections, or Mrs. Gofe, or Mrs. Miller?"

"Why don't you say, 'and the wife of Gus, the saloonkeeper?' He seems to be your most intimate friend!" said Mrs. Jarr, with some heat.

"Gee whiz! Are you going to start to row with me the minute you step in the house!" shouted Mr. Jarr. "If I don't answer you, if I do not appear interested in what you say, you get mad, and if I do answer you, if I do discuss your friends, you get mad and you try to pick some bad intentions out of my remarks. Is that fair? What did you do to-day?"

"That's just what I was trying to tell you when you interrupetd me by running down my friends and bragging about yours," said Mrs. Jarr. "Clara Mudridge took me to luncheon at the Hotel Pazazza, and we saw all the swells. And what do you think, they serve the sandwiches there with pink and blue ribbons around them! Isn't that silly, like little boy and girl sandwiches?"

"I should say it was silly," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I don't care, they looked very dainty, and you can take the ribbon for souvenirs," said Mrs. Jarr. "Only it's too short for any practical use, and, generally, it's stained with butter!"

Love In Darktown

The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montressor

By F. G. Long

The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 10—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Sixth President (1767-1848). Stockily built; large of head. High, bald forehead, bushy eyebrows, large, firm mouth; dark eyes.

A FIFTEEN year old Massachusetts boy, in 1782, was made private secretary to the United States Minister to Russia. The boy was John Quincy Adams, whose father was on a Government mission to France. Young Adams had lived in Paris since he was eleven. For over a year he lived in the gay Russian capital, performing his duties of secretary with the quiet skill of a grown man. Then, having a few months of spare time on his hands, he travelled alone around Northern Europe, rejoined his father, going with him later on a diplomatic errand to London.

All the education, polish and amusements of the Old World were his for the asking. America, by contrast, was at that time a rude, provincial, half-settled land. Yet, as soon as he could obtain his father's leave to do so, Adams turned his back on the Old World and hurried back, at eighteen, to Massachusetts, to finish his education at Harvard. "An American education is best for an American career," he wrote, explaining his unusual act. For in the eighteenth century the European educative system was supposed to be the best on earth. But Adams, from first to last, was thoroughly American. He worshipped his native country with a blind, enthusiastic devotion.

Finishing his Harvard course, he became a lawyer, and devoted himself eagerly to politics. His knowledge of Europe early brought him foreign missions from the Government. In 1794, when only twenty-seven, he was appointed Minister to Holland. His father became President in 1797, and made him (at Washington's advice) Minister to Prussia. Four years later the young man went to the United States Senate. Then misfortune set in.

Battles in the Senate.

Alexander Hamilton was the bitter political foe of ex-President John Adams. When John Quincy Adams went to the Senate, Hamilton's party there made life miserable for him; first, because he was his father's son, but soon because his own independent course clashed with theirs. The feud between the elder Adams and Hamilton had rent the old Federalist party to which both belonged. John Quincy Adams also started in as a Federalist, but Senators of his own party joined in "boycotting" him. They insulted and slighted him in a dozen ways. Sometimes these insults would be of a subtle nature that could not be resented; sometimes gross and open.

Jefferson was President. The Federalists fiercely opposed his purchase of the vast "Louisiana" tract. Adams, who saw in the purchase a tremendous gain for our country, boldly broke from his party and approved the affair. Then, when British aggression threatened to plunge the country in war, Adams fought with all his political skill in behalf of Jefferson and the latter's "embargo," thus virtually going over from the Federalist to the Republican party. The Federalists denounced Adams as a traitor. His beloved New England turned against him. He was threatened with political ruin and physical violence. He was forced out of the Senate. His career was believed to be at an end. But Madison, coming to the Presidency, promptly rewarded the ill-treated man's services to the Republican party by making him Minister to Russia. In 1815 he was promoted to be Minister to England, a post he held with honor for nearly four years, returning to America to become Monroe's Secretary of State.

In this latest capacity Adams's superb statesmanship won new and lasting honors for his country. He arranged the treaty whereby we won Florida from Spain, and was chief mover and originator of the great "Monroe Doctrine." The slavery question, which was one day to plunge the whole nation into the deadliest of modern wars, now cropped up for the first time. Adams took a firm stand against slave dealing and against the introduction of the custom into the new States.

Monroe's second term was at an end. Several men were named for his successor as President. One was Andrew Jackson, then in the height of his war fame. Another was Adams. Another was Henry Clay, the Kentucky orator. Adams was personally unpopular, as had been his father before him. He had an unpleasant manner and no tact. But the nation recognized his genius. Jackson was the favorite candidate. But Henry Clay won Adams's election by "throwing" his own constituents' votes to him. When Adams chose Clay as his Secretary of State, angry Jacksonians claimed, whether with reason or not, that this was the price agreed on beforehand between Adams and Clay for the former's election. The old Federalist party had died out. Now, during Adams's administration, two new political factions sprang into existence, the Whig and the Democratic. The Whigs were for high tariff, a national bank and certain national alterations. All these measures the Democrats opposed as being against the rulings of the Constitution. Adams was a Whig. The great importers, shipowners, Southern planters and others whom the Whig principles most sharply affected were Democrats. Another element was stirred up against the Administration by Adams's refusal to reward the politicians who had worked for his election. He did not believe in the maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." Jackson, on the contrary, promised his followers high offices in the event of his election. Hence, in 1828, after four years in the White House, Adams lost the Presidency, being defeated for a second term by Jackson. More or less unjust political scandals further marred his last days in the Presidency.

Democratic Party Formed.

Yet, though his highest ambition was ended, Adams continued to serve his country for the rest of his days. In 1831 he was sent to Congress from Massachusetts and stayed there for seventeen years. Following the orders of no political party; independent, ill-tempered and brutally patriotic as ever; his hand against every man; friendless but mighty, he fought on. He soon became foremost champion of the anti-slavery movement, and openly threatened that if the South should ever declare war it would be deprived of its slaves. Thus he unknowingly prophesied (and perhaps inspired) Lincoln's later Emancipation Proclamation.

On Feb. 21, 1848, Adams was stricken with paralysis during a session of Congress. Two days afterward he died. The grim old fighter's final words were:

"This is the last of earth. I am content!"

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Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Rolling Cupid on a Barrel.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, of Chicago, has discovered a new cure for divorce. It is the renewal of love between estranged husbands and wives by what he terms "suggestion and autosuggestion." The Bishop explained his method in this way:

"I say to the troubled one, if a woman, 'Go back over your whole life. Go back and reflect on the time that you were being wooed and won. Did you take a great magnifying glass then to look for faults? Were you happier than now? Go back into the past and think of the way you sacrificed and toiled to make the home. Recall the good times you have had together.' There is no earthly power that can make two people fall in love with each other. If two people really love each other once that love can always be revived. Deep in their hearts they will always love one another. Divorces are but the climaxes of half-hearted battles."

This is all very well, but meantime what about the counter currents of suggestion emanating from the other man or woman in the case? Comparatively few marriages reach the divorce crisis without the existence of this third dimension. If any one we willed to love us was bound to respond, all the trouble in the world would disappear.

Bishop Fallows's theory applies better, I think, to the inspiration of love before marriage than to rekindle it afterwards. It is undoubtedly the most determined woman that leads a man from the fields of romantic dalliance to the uncompromising altar. Sometimes, to be sure, her determination is vicarious. She and the man may be merely as clay in the hands of a diplomatic mother or a match-making friend. But it is nevertheless true that the bachelor yields to the strongest will power exerted in his direction.

The reason that the prettiest women often remain unmarried is that their affections are willed in so many different directions by contending suitors that they remain stationary in their bewilderment and indecision, while the bridal processions of their homlier sisters walk the way of fate and no competition.

But love cannot be awakened by all the will power in the world once it has died. To talk about a cure for divorce, which is itself a cure, is about as rational as to discuss a cure for the operating table.

Some people get divorces that don't need them; others seek relief from surgery when they don't need it.

It's a pretty feeble little Cupid that comes to after he's been rolled on a barrel or subjected to any other tortures to induce artificial respiration to which women, particularly, so frequently resort.

When love is dead it cannot be resurrected. It can only be embalmed. And no sensible man or woman wants to keep a corpse in the heart.